

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

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FEBRUARY



THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



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Hanna-Barbera **THE FLINTSTONES**
BIG BURG BUGABOO



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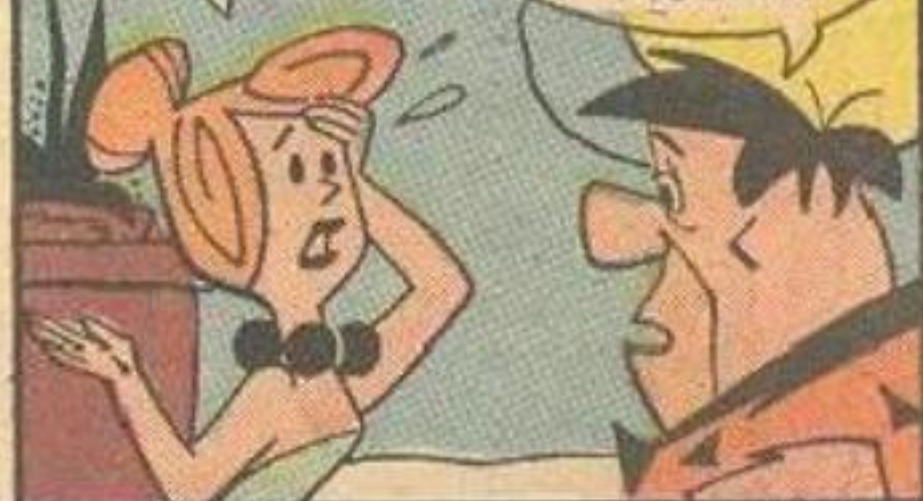


HEY... OUR ADDRESS IS
NOW THE *SANDSTONE*
TOWER!



FRED... I
DON'T LIKE
TO *MOVE*
THAT WAY!

ME, TOO! IN
FACT, I WANT
TO MOVE IN
ONLY *ONE*
DIRECTION
NOW...



So...

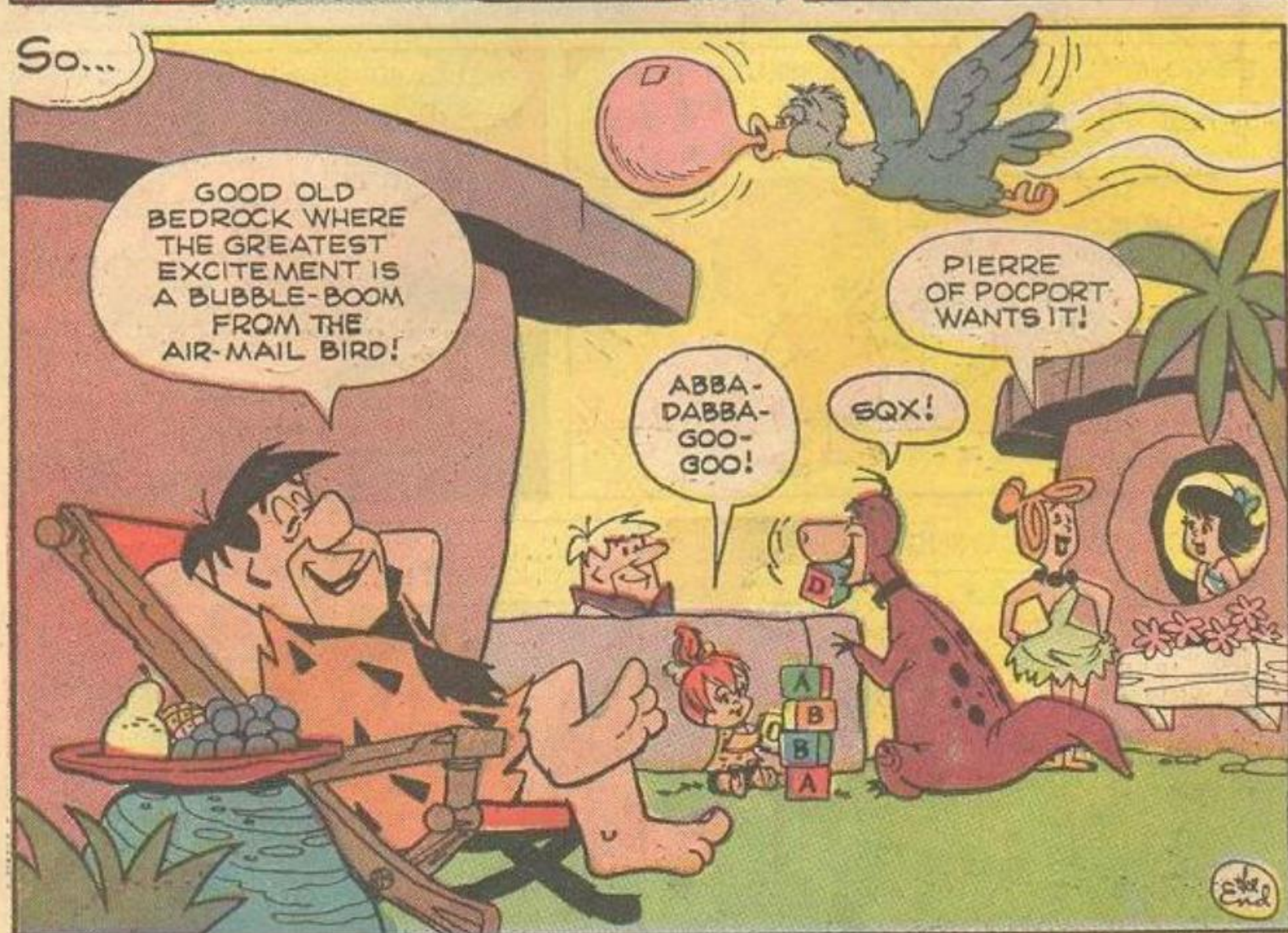
GOOD OLD
BEDROCK WHERE
THE GREATEST
EXCITEMENT IS
A BUBBLE-BOOM
FROM THE
AIR-MAIL BIRD!



PIERRE
OF POOPORT
WANTS IT!

ABBA-
DABBA-
GOO-
GOO!

SQX!

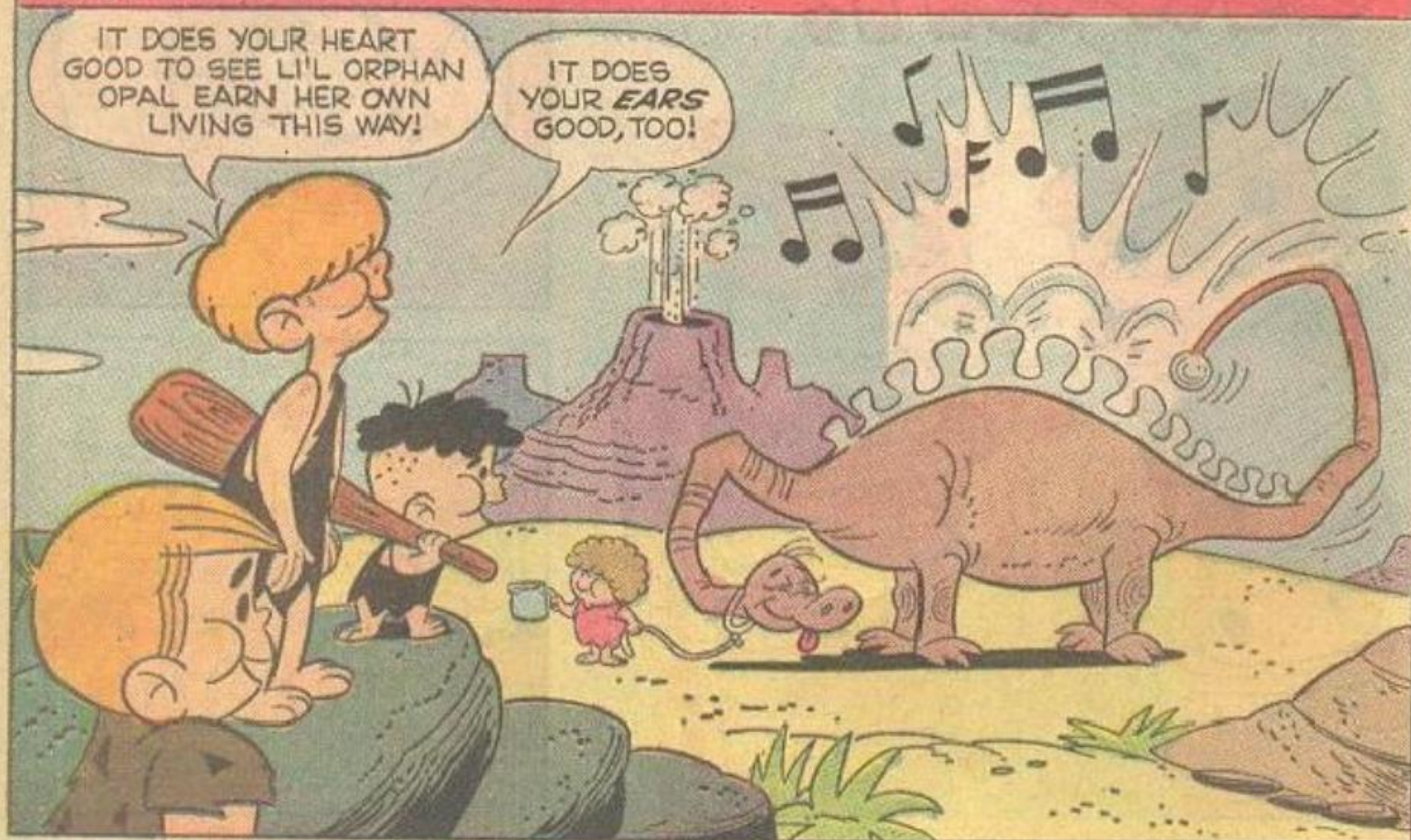


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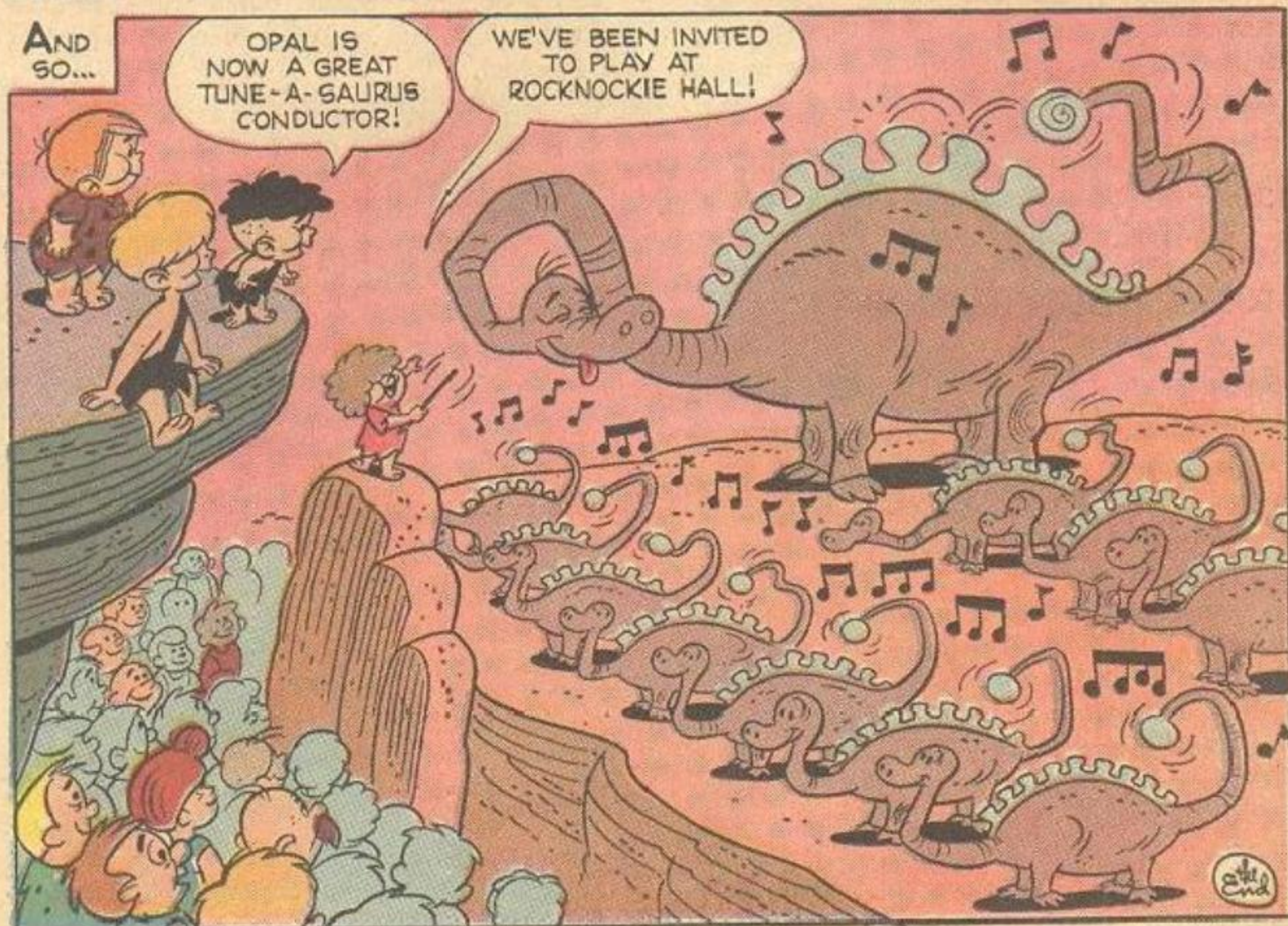
CAVE
KIDS

THE MUSICAL MISS









The GHOST OF SUNSET CLIFFS



Sandy and Sally Stone were shocked when they came home from school and found Great-aunt Elvira Gravel moaning on the sofa.

"Are you sick?" Sandy asked.

"Does something hurt?" Sally ventured.

Great-aunt Elvira moaned louder.

"Indeed something does," she said. "My pocketbook hurts, that's what!"

Sally and Sandy stared. They knew that Great-aunt Elvira's pocketbook was a most precious part of her being, but they had not realized that it ever felt pain.

"That wretch of a real estate agent has ruined me," Great-aunt Elvira explained. "He got me to sign a five-year lease on one of the new caves at Sunset Cliffs. I paid in advance. Now I can't live there!"

"Why not?" Sandy said practically.

"It's haunted!" Great-aunt Elvira announced. "A terrible, tortured spirit—an invisible thing makes strange noises in the night. I can't stand it! That man had no right to rent a haunted cave."

Leaving their aunt to her lamentations, Sandy and Sally quietly stole out.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" Sandy asked.

"N...No. But I believe in Great-aunt Elvira. She doesn't make things up."

Sandy nodded. "I believe in her, too. Let's ghostbreak her cave. You with me?"

Timidly, Sally agreed.

"We'll need a quart of milk," Sandy said. "I'll get it."

In moments, the kids were hurrying toward the new real estate development on Sunset Cliffs. It all looked peaceful and ordinary enough when they reached Great-aunt Elvira's cave. Geraniums lined the walk. Neat shutters framed the windows. Inside, all was in order. Nevertheless, Sally found herself suddenly shivering.

The kids searched the cave. Nothing there! Then Sandy poured some milk into a dish and set it on the floor. He closed the shutters. The room was plunged in gloom.

"Now we'll wait," Sandy whispered softly.

"Why milk?" Sally questioned. "Ghosts don't drink milk."

"Maybe this one does," Sandy replied.

The kids waited. Time passed. The room grew darker as the sun went down. It was almost night when they heard it—a faint, spine-chilling, throaty sound!

Sally clutched at Sandy's hand and found it hot and damp. "Shh!" Sandy hissed.

A few more minutes passed. There was another sound—a scrabbling near the fireplace. Before the kids' startled eyes a dim form materialized and made its cautious way across the room to the milk.

"Aha!" Sandy cried and struck a light.

"Oh no!" Sally laughed out loud.

Great-aunt Elvira laughed, too, when the kids took the "ghost" home and showed it to her. She was a little embarrassed, but she laughed.

"A baby tiger cat," she exclaimed. "And I thought it was a haunt."

"It's been living in your chimney the whole time," Sandy explained. "It probably crawled out the top of the chimney at night to hunt. We lured it into the apartment with some milk."

"But Sandy—how did you guess?"

"It figures," he said. "Practically no cave is brand-new—and with the housing shortage, something or somebody has been living in almost every hole in any hill. The real estate man evicted the cat family to make room for you—but he missed one member."

Great-aunt Elvira picked up the kitten and started out the door.

"What are you going to do with the cat?" Sally asked. "Give it to the zoo?"

"I'm taking it home. I'll take care of the poor little thing. After all, it was in the apartment before I was!"

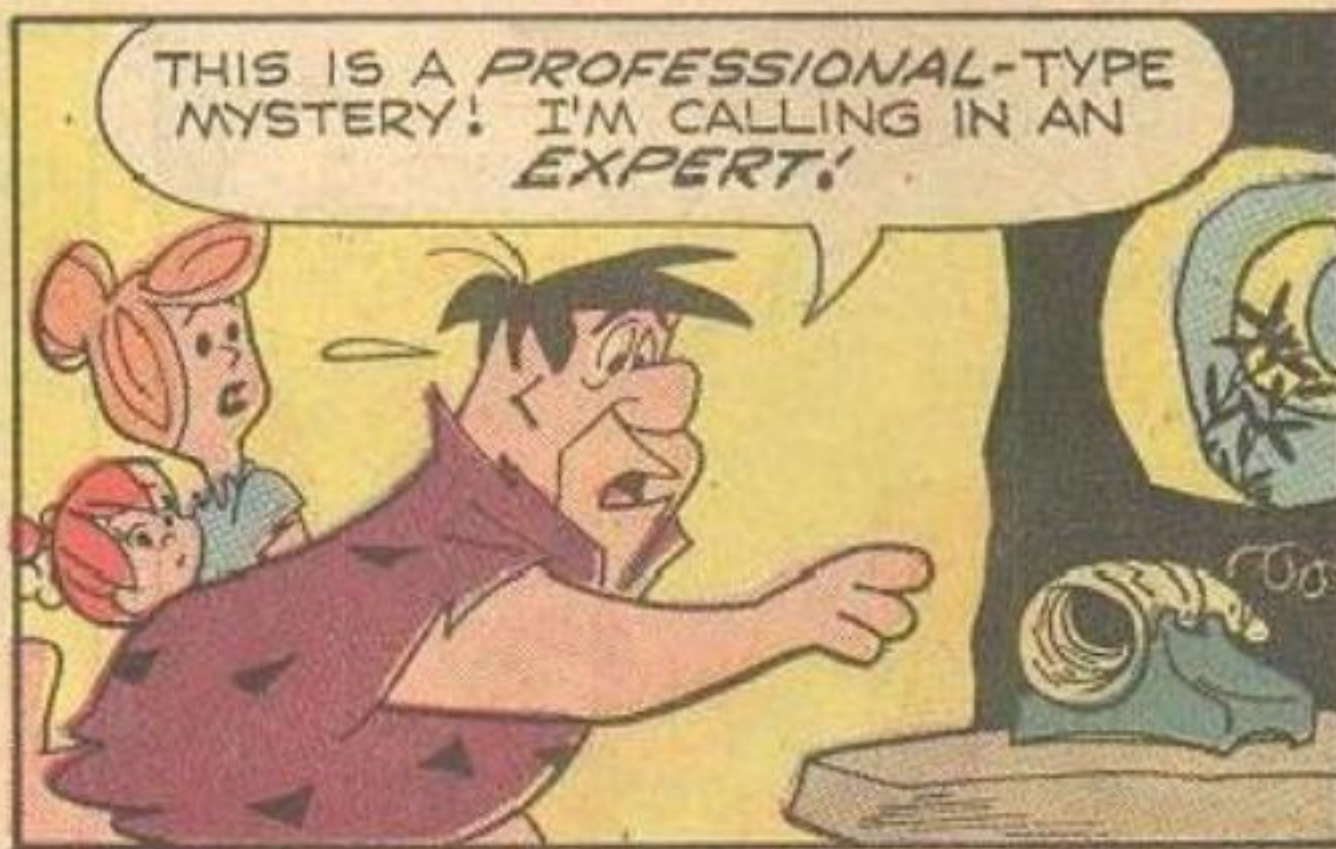
So, back straight, head high, Great-aunt Elvira marched off with the little ghost of Sunset Cliffs nestled cozily in her arms.

Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

The FRIGHTY NIGHT













Hanna-Barbera **THE FLINTSTONES**
THE MISSING GRANDPA MYSTERY

EVERYTIME GRANDPA COMES TO VISIT HE BRINGS A PET FOR PEBBLES...

WHAT A CUTE LITTLE SAURUS, PEBBLES!

SQXK!

ABBA-DABBA GOO-GOO!



BUT SOONER OR LATER THEY ALL GO THE WAY OF ALL BEASTS...
 AWAY! FAR AWAY!

ABBA-DABBA BOO-HOO-HOO!

SIGH! IT QUICKLY GREW UP TO BE A SAURUS-LONG-LEGS!

CLIPPITY-CLOP!

KXX!



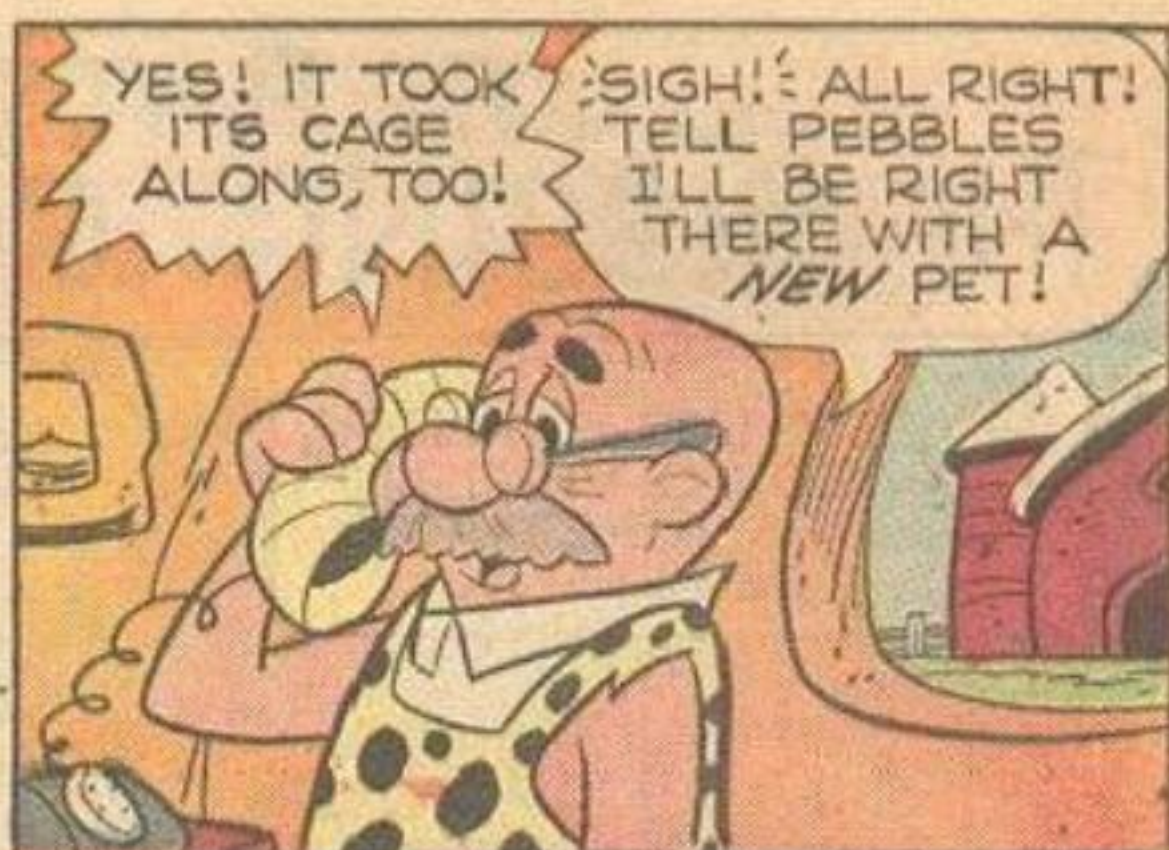
EVEN LITTLE BIRDIES HAD A WAY OF FLYING THE COOP...

WAH-H-H!

FLAP! FLAP!
 FLAP! FLAP!

DON'T CRY, PEBBLES... I'LL CALL UP GRANDPA AGAIN!





BUT THEY WAIT...AND THEY WAIT AND WAIT...







